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SOCIAL IMMORTALITY.

JOHN E. BOODIN.

MAN'S conception of immortality varies with his racial development. Tribal life is dominated by tradition. There is little consciousness of individual creativeness. Customs and language grow unconsciously. No individual names are attached to early man's slow but epoch-making generalizations about life, nature, and the gods. The tribe alone is of consequence. It continues to live. The individual can live only by proxy. Immortality becomes, therefore, primarily a continuity of breed.

In the individualistic stage of man's development, when man's reason and conscience rise against antiquated traditions, or when he is called upon to choose between conflicting traditions; when, in any case, man must stand on his own feet and find the value of life in the deliverances of his inner experience—at this stage immortality must naturally be read in terms of the conservation of the values of the newly discovered personal life. In early Christianity, the kingdoms of this world, its laws and institutions, even the family, are conceived as of the earth earthy. The individual must save his own soul. The end of the world is at hand.

In the third stage, the conception of immortality is socialized. Man finds his meaning and salvation in the social community with its continuity of life and ideals. The kingdom of heaven has now become a kingdom to be progressively realized in this world. Loyalty to the community and sacrifice for its progress now become dominant motives. The immortality of the individual and of the social group of which he is a part are now recognized to be reciprocal. Man must find his life and joy in creative service for the community. Unlike tribal man he is not the mere slave of the community. But he recognizes in

the community his own larger self. If he renounces himself, he does so freely for the good of the group. His self-realization is also the realization of the community. His aim is not so much self-emphasis as the interpreting and improvement of the group life of which he is a part; not so much individual salvation as to lose himself in service and friendship. Social creativeness now becomes the end of life.

This consciousness of the solidarity of life seems at any rate to be gaining ground. With it there is less emphasis of individual immortality. We do not seem much concerned about it except at funerals. Just what individual continuity can mean is hazy to us. We have abandoned the ghost doubles of our savage ancestors. The supposed indivisibility of the soul, which gave such assurance of continuity to an earlier generation of thinkers, is small comfort to us with the psychology of multiple selves before us. What unity there is of life seems to be a unity of purpose; and this unity is achieved in working with our fellows for the realization of an ideal. The ongoing of individual life we conceive in terms of tendency and character, rather than in terms of memory as our ancestors did. In some way, it would seem, the net results of life must be handed on. But these results we must conceive again in social terms—the capacity for friendship, for enjoyment of beauty, for discovery of truth. If in some way our having lived makes us more attuned to the better part of the universe; if, under whatever circumstances we may reappear, we shall know our spiritual kin (even if we don't recognize all our former blood relations) and shall be better able to work with them for the realization of ideals, we feel that life has been worth while.

To me, at any rate, it seems that the chief end of life is to socialize mind, to give it a spiritualized body, be that body language, art or institutions. Mind becomes immortal, at any rate, when it thus succeeds in embodying its significant ideals. To a large extent at least this is the only immortality which mind can have. For mind is not

a static quantity. It continually oozes out, it grows into new forms, and the old forms are lost as such, unless they are incarnated into bodies of their own.

We have exaggerated the continuity of individual history. Rather than call our life mind, we might call it a series of more or less overlapping minds. It is not true that these minds interpenetrate absolutely. The old man does not own the mind of childhood and youth. Even though he may have some fragmentary memory of them, he looks back to them objectively. They are not he. The creations of these earlier minds lie outside his possibility and sympathy now. Sometimes he relies on objective records for even the existence of his earlier minds. And when he meets them, they seem strange to him, and often he even disowns them. Thus are our souls, within our personal history, ever passing into the past and ever being resurrected, sometimes against our wishes, and dragged into the light of day. Mind is not merely growth, as Bergson would have us think, but change and decay. The snowball may gather a great deal in the rolling, but it melts largely in the transit, if the day be long. If we continue to live forever, we may no more recognize our former selves than we recognize the amoeba as a former stage in our evolution or remember even the nearest pre-existence if there is any such.

The only way, therefore, that we can save our soul from moment to moment, irrespective of whether there is indefinite personal continuity, is by social creativeness. We must give the momentary soul an individual habitat. It is true that somehow our life history develops and runs its span in connection with this fleshly envelopment, but this is at best a sieve and does not hold mind. It is a fragile and transient instrument. Mind lives and expresses itself more truly in the body which it creates for itself in the social texture of human history. The physiological body conceals far more than it reveals. How thin and transparent, on the other hand, is the spiritualized body of mind in the form of language or art. Even as the gauzy

drapery reveals the form of a beautiful woman, so this created embodiment of soul reveals soul. And as the universal body of language is our mutual creation, it reveals mind with an immediacy that the fleshly body cannot give.

In our understanding and appreciation of creative activity, soul truly shares soul. Mind overlaps as the common section of two circles. In the words of John the Scot: "Whoever rises to pure understanding becomes that which he understands. We, while we discuss together, become one another. For, if I understand what you understand, I become your understanding, and in a certain unspeakable way I am made into you." The same mind is ours as was Euclid's, when we understand his geometry, whatever other psychological fringes there may be. The symbols of Euclid are the eternal body of Euclid's mind. And so in sharing the hypothesis, the melody, the poem, we enter into real communion with the creator's soul. Could we have seen his fleshly body, could we have shaken his hand, we might not have gotten his mind so intimately as we do in his work. How often have we not found it a disappointment and hindrance to true spiritual appreciation to know the biological man. And so we go back to the symphony or book. Mind really lives in the systems of symbols with their relations of meaning. It continues as embodied will, pent up energy, ready to connect with other minds fitted to enter into converse with it. It may be but a brief moment of the life history, but it lives here, here is its habitat. It is not a photographic copy or model, but the genuine creative will itself. Here at any rate is real immortality.

Soul, then, does not require a physiological organism as its habitat and expression. It may have a block of marble or a book as its body. Some years ago I wandered through room after room of imitative and lifeless casts in the Boston Art Museum. But at length I came upon a battered Greek statue with only the folds of the garment left intact. Here there was a will, a mind that spoke from every fragment, as live and real as when it originated over two thousand

years ago. The marble was but its transparent body, the real individual soul is still there. For soul, when it rises to a stage worth saving, is meaning, purpose; and who saves the meaning saves the soul and who shares the meaning shares the soul.

The spiritualized body of mind has one great advantage over the biological body. It helps us to dissociate mind—the real man—from its animal associations. How near is God to brute in our human organism. How much there is that jars upon us in the paltry routine of the mortal life of even the greatest personalities. How close to the monkey and the dog the highest part of us lives in this physiological habitat. How unæsthetic and even degrading are many of the functions of this animal existence and in many aspects how below the wholesome innocence of the brute. Let the mind make itself its own body where its own dignity and beauty can shine.

Often the soul has no other habitat than the marble, the symphony, the book, the remembrance in the heart of others. If Homer, Phidias, Beethoven, have a continuous personal history in some unknown manner and climate, they may be quite as incapable of reproducing or even appreciating the soul of their master works as was the later Tolstoy incapable of appreciating "War and Peace" or "Anna Karénina." How often an author outgrows a book from his own point of view, even disowns his spiritual child, while the generations after him still look upon it as the climax of his creative career.

Sometimes the imprisoned mind of the creator is lost for generations, even to the social consciousness, yet when we do come upon Taylor's Theorem or Mendel's Law or Praxiteles' Hermes, how significant and real they are! What a renaissance when Greek culture connects again with Europe! Even though the temporal parent has passed beyond human ken, the statue, the prophetic book, the nugget of wisdom still speaks to us with an individual mind, independent of birth, time and circumstance. Just because it is a unique will, and not an abstraction, we dare

not complete it when fragmentary. Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" must remain unfinished.

How weird it is when some moment you find your own past soul looking at you from the letter or poem or treatise and know it not. I look at my own mind of fourteen as a stranger. Kant and Plato enter more truly into my mind now than what I call myself at fourteen. Should I come upon some old letters or lost bits of verse, this mind would be resurrected, but the chances are it would at best be a matter of curiosity with me. My mother seems to own it more truly than I. She has treasured it in her love in my absence. In her loyalty it has indeed survived, but I can no longer own it as myself. In the word of Rolland's Jean-Christophe: "For myself I bid the soul that was mine farewell. I cast it from me like an empty shell: Life is a succession of deaths and resurrections. We must die, Christophe, to be born again." Yet while we thus slough off our past selves we must not forget that they are important stages in the transformations of our spiritual life. Each stage, moreover, in normal development has its own beauty, and it does not always follow that the last stage is the best. But since the stages cannot be preserved in the history of the individual, since youth and old age cannot coexist, we must save them in some other way.

In his recent Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality,¹ Professor Palmer tells in his own exquisite manner how Shakespeare hoped to save through his Sonnets what was most precious to him from the ravages of time. He wanted to rescue the beautiful youth, whom he loved, from "wasteful time," by engrafting him new into his verse, by translating him into the context of social meaning.

"Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

¹ "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare." Ingersoll Lecture, 1912, Houghton Mifflin Co.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's quest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid,
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright."

Thus Shakespere would give the beautiful youth a spiritual body and preserve the transient charm of innocence and spontaneity. Even in such fragile beauty, love somehow can find the eternally significant, that which ever constitutes "the marriage of true minds." In discovering the meaning of loyalty to beautiful youth and in fixing this in poetry, love triumphs over change.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove;
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken,
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

At least the eternity of love's loyalty to youth's spotless beauty can be put into verse. The youth may fall: time "delves parallels in beauty's brow," but the loyalty itself remains. And this loyalty Shakespere has indeed suc-

ceeded in making immortal. Professor Palmer is right that Shakespere has not been able, if indeed he so intended, to make the lovely boy as such triumph over time. The physical flesh-colored boy must go. Not even his mind could be made immortal by the poet's magic because there is nothing about the boy's mind that is truly individual—no great thought or aspirations that mark him from other beautiful boys. Love alone has individuated him to satisfy its eternal longing. To give him physical definiteness or even a name would but impede the imagination and defeat the aim of the poet which is to kindle in us his love—not of a great mind—but of innocent beauty. It is Hegel's paradox over again that pure immediacy is universal. In making immortal this type of loyalty, perchance Shakespere's own personal loyalty in spite of sordid change (for the youth seems to become a victim of a low woman), the poet has been incomparably successful. The loyalty of youth is a loyalty of emotion and can only be kept alive by the eternal feeding of the emotion; and this Shakespere has done in the sonnets where "in black ink my love may still shine bright." It is a subtle task where only the infallible intuition of the great artist could have succeeded.

Can this transient beauty of innocent youth have any other immortality? If there is personal immortality, does it not mean change and growth and must not the beautiful boy pass into the deeper experiences of sin and triumph? We love the beautiful child as a beautiful child; and the mother may sometimes weep because she is going to lose her beautiful boy; but still we love the development of the boy, too. And normal personal life means just such promise of development where manhood supplants youth. Who would want the beautiful boy arrested and fixed? That would make him an immortal idiot. His only immortality as a beautiful boy, therefore, must be social, as love fixes him in memory or better still in art. But what it thus immortalizes is primarily the loyalty itself to such a type of beauty. We cannot stop the movement of life. This indeed would be violence to beauty itself. But we

can seize the significance of each moment as a part of our social consciousness.

“Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil, all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown’d,
 Crooked eclipses ’gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty’s brow;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature’s truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.”

His *own* mind Shakespere has succeeded in making immortal. Whatever immortality he may have now as a personal history, he has incarnated the series of beautiful moments of a long creative career into the social tissue of humanity. His soul shines through “the black ink,” it warms our love, we share the real mind of the sweet singer of Avon, and that is probably more than he can do if his personal history still goes on.

The old Norsemen were right that a living power dwells in the constellation of the runes—more magic than the artificial one which they had in mind. Whoever has become acquainted with Plato’s dialogues knows what subtle power they have to transform his thought. No one has come thoroughly under the spell of Plato without having become, perhaps unconsciously, his disciple. It is not a dead Plato, but a living soul with which he deals. The ‘procession’ from the mind of Plato is ever going on afresh, stimulating and subduing minds. Thus mind moves over periods of time as over distances of space. Plato’s mind, the real Plato, is immortal. And Plato, in the variety and

comprehensiveness of his contribution, seems to have sent forth his whole soul through the ages.

The Stoics distinguished between the Logos as unspoken thought, the inner psychical function, and as thought expressed in word and act.¹ This distinction caused much discussion when taken up into the theological thought of the Christian fathers and applied to the Father and Christ. The distinction is an artificial one at best. They were inclined to make being and its manifestation separate entities by personifying them, thus hampering the human mind for ages by a fanciful theology. But their intuition was wiser than their abstractions: Thought and expression go together. The existence of mind is inseparable from its procession into its objective expression. The "Word" as the expression of thought carries the living soul with it. The fulness of the mind overflows in the expression; and the mind expressed is mind of the original mind, "light of light, very God of very God, of one substance with the Father." In the golden sayings handed down, in the living tradition of the community, the early Christians, and the loyal followers in all ages, have recognized the soul of the Master, potent to comfort and help, to give inspiration and energy for the triumph of the cause. All conditions of men, poor and rich, ignorant and learned, have thus come to recognize the mind that was in Christ Jesus, which the loyal have also recognized as the mind of God.

So it seems that he who would save his soul must create. Only thus can the moment live after the material substance, and memory with it, have vanished like a dream. When one gets old and the evil days draw nigh and one fears the decay of one's faculties, then one begins to realize with almost tragic seriousness the importance of saving something from the Destroyer. But then as a rule it is too late to save anything worth while. Youth is the summer of creative growth, and the autumn at best is good for

¹ See Inge, *Personal Idealism and Mysticism*, p. 44.

garnering the harvest and setting one's house in order. Even though nature here too may have its Indian Summer, it does not come unless the real summer of creative ambition has somehow preceded.

What we must cultivate, therefore, is the spirit of creativeness. This is the most effective way of saving the soul, not only of the individual, but the soul of the group as well. For the greater an individual is the more fully is he the focus of the people and the age whose psychic currents meet in him. Not only has Plato given us his own mind at various stages, but he has given us the genius of the Greek mind which carried him on and to which he in turn helped to give immortal direction. This direction continues as a fundamental theme in human history.

In the end progress must be measured by our contribution in the way of ideal creativeness. The passion for immortality measures the greatness alike of a people and an individual. Tremendous material resources and their manipulation are but instruments to the spirit's emancipation and expression. It is small credit to us that with our immense population and wealth we are lagging behind some of the smaller nations of Europe in genuine creative output. A thousand years from now the world will have far more interest in the fact that this nation produced Poe's lyrics and "The Scarlet Letter" than that it made possible the immense fortunes of Rockefeller and Carnegie. Let us not sacrifice soul to matter, the end to the means, the purpose to the instrument. Let us measure our resources in terms of the results in the way of truth, institutions, and beauty for the good and joy of all.

Ideal creativeness like love feeds on encouragement. Humanity probably never has lived up to its limit in this respect. The reason that creativeness has come in great pulses in human history, such as the great Greek period, the Augustan age, the Elizabethan age, is not due to greater capacity for creativeness in such periods, but to greater incentive—to an intense social consciousness of creativeness. Such epochs have been inspired by the conscious-

ness that he that thinks a new thought, paints a new picture, creates a new melody, brings new mind into the world and that humanity is infinitely his debtor. The fact that some small countries to-day, such as Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are doing so much more than their proportionate share is due doubtless to the strength of social appreciation in those countries. With greater economic freedom, greater opportunities for education, greater sympathy of man with man, the joy of doing and sharing in ideal activity ought to increase at least tenfold.

Mere brute material competition will then be converted into the infinite and friendly possibilities of ideal rivalry. Genius will then spend its inventiveness in the service of the many instead of in irrational material accumulation and the consequent slavery to the instrument—to that industrial despotism of which he forms a part. Whether master or slave in this despotism, one is tyrannized over by the system. And as Hegel showed long ago, the master is more damned by the relation than the slave, at least in so far as he fails to become conscious of his real human claims through productive social work. It should be clear at any rate that society is not dependent upon a competition for property for its incentive to effort. This is a comparatively low kind of emulation at best. I have often watched a couple of dogs struggling for the possession of a stick. And one can imagine that if there were a dog's philosophy they might reason that life would become horribly inane if there were no sticks to compete for. And perhaps it would for dogs.

Social creativeness takes different forms in different ages in accordance with the ruling passion of the age. Greek creativeness was a birth in beauty. The passion for beauty was a motive for them not only in artistic creativeness, but in their search for truth and in their striving for moral perfection. With the Romans the interest is in social organization—the legal and military unification of the world. With the middle ages religion becomes the domi-

nant motive; and so we have theological architechtonic and Gothic Cathedrals—philosophy and art being alike handmaids of religion. To-day the dominant motive is social justice, the harmonization of human claims, the liberty of man, woman and child. If he that is instrumental in saving an individual soul shall shine as a star in eternity's firmament, how much more he who is a creative factor in improving a community, a fundamental institution, a nation; who helps to bring about new unities of co-operation, whether local or international; who brings us to see that in spite of all disparities of race and condition "a man's a man for a' that."

I have emphasized so far the personal form of social immortality—the survival of a soul in the unique spiritual mansion which it has built for itself. But there are the more impersonal forms of creativeness, too—the survival in the moral causality of history. And, sometimes, the will may the more completely fulfill its end for the bottle breaking and the ointment pervading the atmosphere of the race. The great souls, the great leaders of men, have often been careless of personal survival. They have written their words in the sand of the fleeting memories of men. They have cast their golden grain in all kinds of soil—hopeful that some might reach a harvest. Thus worked Socrates, Confucius, the Buddha, the Christ. They are greater for their complete abandon to the eternal human cause, for losing themselves. Yet even here we are grateful for a few "words" recorded by their disciples against forgetfulness, for a few personal touches which those that loved them treasured in story. The great movements would seem less effective were their creators mere myths to us. The personal consciousness, however vague, helps to give their influence a focus; and fortunately the artist can here, almost unhampered, give their minds bodies which correspond to their spiritual stature.

But the large mass of human beings, what social consolation is there for them? The many, the forgotten ones, do they still count? They can hope for no personal im-

mortality except the uncertain one of breed. Yet by losing themselves in the great social mind of which they are part, they can help create the spiritual situations which make generals, artists, scientists, and prophets. It is their combined willing which raises the few. The latter are the index of the spiritual sacrifice and appreciation of the many and would be impossible otherwise. What ages of spiritual creativeness it took to make a Homer. The numerous unknown balladists gave Homer his material, his sense for song. And the appreciative listeners who gathered round the blind minstrel, lived, enjoyed and applauded his song—they counted too; they gave strength, inspiration and vital faith to his soul. Homer's genius (whatever that name may stand for) moulded into unity, not merely the mass of material before him, but what is more, the soul of a people of whose life his song became the chief index and expression. Lincoln's greatness lies in the fact that he is the creative and loyal interpreter in act and speech of the idealism of a great nation that "government of the people, by the people and for the people," not only shall not perish from the earth but be progressively realized through the sacrifices of devoted individuals in war and peace. It is the faith of the loyal, unknown many that buoys up the leader, at the same time that he furnishes them a new consciousness of direction, interprets their deeper will. To live in this larger subconscious social mind, as a genuine, vital, inspiring part of its faith and movement and to be able to say in supreme renunciation, not I but the social mind which liveth in me, this is indeed to save one's soul, to count eternally. And in the infinite ages, God only knows which is the more significant in the developing spiritual community where to live is to lose oneself, to be master is to minister.

If individuals can thus achieve immortality through social creativeness, so can communities and nations. It has been the custom to speak of nations as having a growth and history like individuals—as having a childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. There is, of course, truth in this.

Nations start from simple origins. In their struggle for survival and in their rivalry with other nations, they become conscious of their life. They develop institutions and traditions to meet their needs; and in so doing they draw upon the accumulated traditions of the race. They thus go through a learning process analogous to that of the individual. They are not, however, dependent upon a single physiological history as individuals are. They have the advantage of a stream of ever renewed biological life. They can live through cycles of rhythms. They become old, it is true—crystallized in traditions and customs; but the inner life may break through afresh, with new youth and creativeness, to live through the process of organization and formalism again, with the advantage all the while of the cumulative tradition of the race. And thus it would seem the spiral of cycles might go on indefinitely.

It is true, as a matter of fact, that nations have had a limited life in the past. This has been due in part to internal, in part to external causes. Wealth, with its consequent idleness, luxury and dissoluteness; class strife and local differences of interest—these and other causes have tended to sap the nation's strength from within, while international wars and degrading international contacts have endangered its existence from without. Perhaps the most potent cause of national degeneracy has been war—civil and external—both from the depleting of the stock of the nation, on the one hand, and from its dissolving influence on morality, on the other. Athens never recovered from the Peloponnesian wars, nor Rome from the civil wars. While, however, nations have thus had a limited biological existence in the past, it does not follow that they have any natural span of life. In the case of the individual organism, science has just begun to investigate the chemical causes of death and to try to discover means for keeping at bay the last enemy. As the causes of national mortality are due to social maladjustments and are fundamentally moral, we may hope that an intenser consciousness of the obligations of man to man, past, present and future,

reinforced by a more vital religion, may stave off the enemy indefinitely here.

What is more important, however, than the biological and political continuity of a nation is the continuity of its mind—its ideal immortality. And here, as in the individual, the social immortality of the nation, as embodied in its institutions, its literature, its science, its art, is quite independent of its organic continuity. While the independent political existence of the Athenian nation came to an end and its illustrious history as a culture centre also terminated, the reality and potency of the Athenian mind did not cease. Not only did this mind make Rome subject to itself, but in every domain of culture-activity we are still dominated by Greek influence. In like manner we recognize our dependence upon the organizing genius of the Romans. We have incorporated their laws and institutions into our growth. Even more obvious, if not more real, is our indebtedness to the ancient Hebrews. We worship a Hebrew God; we have adopted their prophets as our own; and are held within the sway of their ideals. First hand contact with the civilization of these peoples means a first hand acquaintance with their mind. In the body of literature, art, religion, law, etc., the mind of the nation lives as truly as it ever lived; and when continuity with this mind is established, consequences flow from it as real as though the mind inhabited a biological body. Fresh contact with the Greek mind means a renaissance in science and art; first hand acquaintance with the ancient Hebrew prophets means moral and religious reformation. Pragmatically considered such a mind must be as real as the consequences it produces. As human tissue can now be kept fresh under artificial conditions for an indefinite period after the death of the individual, and can function again as part of a living organism, so the mind of a people embodied in the vehicles of ideal creation is kept alive and ever ready to render fresh service and inspiration. The advantage that meaning has over body is that it can exist in an infinite number of places at the same time, with

the same reality. Its vehicles can be constantly renewed by the race and thus the life of the meaning kept intact.

Thus the past has its own reality, which we must respect even if we must ever translate its meaning into our own experience to make it significant for us. This social immortality of a people is far more real than its biological or political continuity. While the Greek nation of to-day is justly proud of its temporal continuity with the civilization of Pericles, it had for a long time less share in that civilization than other parts of Europe and can own it in no other way than can the other culture nations. It is possible for a people to lose its political existence and yet to continue its creative individuality, ever enhancing its national immortality and potency. Thus Scotland has continued its national creative tradition unhampered and with unabated glory as part of a larger empire; and Finland, against tremendous odds, has elicited the admiration and sympathy of the world as a creative nation. If a small nation is handicapped in the competition of armaments with the larger nations, it can, as the small nations of western Europe have shown, build an ideal empire and outstrip the large nations in that which really measures the greatness of a people—its contribution to the cumulative civilization of the world.

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